Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

"UNDER WESTERN EYES"*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

CHAPTER XII—*(Continued)*

Nikita surnamed Necator, with a sinister aptness of alliteration! Razumov had heard of him. He had heard so much, since crossing the frontier, of these celebrities of the militant revolution: the legends, the stories, the authentic chronicle, which now and then peeps out before a half-incredulous world. Razumov had heard of him. He was supposed to have killed more gendarmes and police agents than any revolutionist living. He had been intrusted with executions. That paper with the letters N. N., the very pseudonym of murder found pinned on the stabbed breast of a certain notorious spy (that picturesque detail of a sensational murder case had got into the newspapers), was the mark of his handiwork. "By order of the Committee. N. N." A corner of the curtain lifted to strike the imagination of the gaping world. He was said to have been innumerable times in and out of Russia, the Necator of bureaucrats, of provincial governors, of obscure informers. He lived between whiles, Razumov had heard, on the shores of the Lake of Como, with a charming wife devoted to the cause, and two young children. But how that creature so grotesque as to set all the town dogs barking at its mere sight could go about on those deadly errands and slip through the meshes of the police!

"What now, what now?" the voice squeaked. "I am only sincere. It's not denied that the other was the originator, the leading spirit. Well, it would have been better if he had been the one spared to us. More useful. I am not a sentimentalist. Say what I think . . . only natural."

Squeak, squeak, squeak without a gesture, without a stir—the horrible squeaked burlesque of professional jealousy—this man of a sinister alliterative nickname, this executioner of revolutionary verdicts, the terrifying "N.N." exasperated like a fashionable tenor by the attention attracted to the performance of an obscure amateur. Sofia Antonovna shrugged her shoulders. The comrade with the martial red mustache hurried toward Razumov full of conciliatory intentions in his strong, buzzing voice.

"Devil take it! And in this place, too, in the public street, so to speak. But you can see yourself how it is. One of his fantastic sallies. Absolutely of no consequence."

"Pray don't concern yourself," cried Razumov, going off into a long fit of laughter. "Don't mention it."

The other—his hectic flush crimson like a pair of burns on his cheek-

* Copyright, 1911, by Harper & Brothers. All rights reserved.

bones—stared for a moment and suddenly burst out laughing, too. Razumov, whose hilarity died out all at once, made a step forward.

"Enough of this," he began in a clear, incisive voice, though he had discovered that he could hardly control the trembling of his legs. "I will have no more of it. I shall not permit any one. . . . I can see very well what you are at with those allusions. . . . Inquire, investigate! I defy you, but I will not be played with."

He had heard these words before. He had been driven to cry them out in the face of other suspicions. It was an infernal cycle bringing round that protest like a fatal necessity of his existence. But it was no use. He would be always played with. Luckily life does not last forever.

"I won't have it," he shouted, striking his fist into the palm of his other hand.

"Kirylo Sidorovitch—what has come to you?" The woman revolutionist interfered with authority. They were all looking at Razumov now, each as this fierce outburst had found them in a scattered group; only the slayer of spies and gendarmes had turned about, presenting his enormous stomach in full like a shield.

"Don't shout. There are people passing." Sofia Antonovna was apprehensive of another outburst. A steam-launch from Monrepos side had come to the landing-stage across the road, and, its hoarse whistle and the churning noise alongside all unnoticed, had landed a small bunch of local passengers who were dispersing their several ways. Only a specimen of early tourist in knickerbockers, conspicuous by a brand-new yellow leather glass-case, hung about for a moment, scenting something unusual about these four people within the rusty iron gates of what looked the grounds run wild of an unoccupied private house. Ah! if he had only known what the chance of commonplace traveling had suddenly put in his way! But he was a well-bred person; he averted his gaze and moved off with short steps along the side alley, on the watch for a tram-car.

A gesture from Sofia Antonovna, "Leave him to me," had sent the two men away, the buzzing of the inarticulate voice growing fainter and fainter, and the thin pipe of "What now! What now!" reduced to the proportions of a squeaking toy by the distance. They had left him to her. So many things could be left safely to the experience of Sofia Antonovna. And at once her black eyes turned to Razumov; her mind tried to get at the heart of that outburst. It had some meaning. No one is born an active revolutionist. The change comes disturbingly with the force of a sudden vocation, bringing in its train the agonizing doubts of a renegade and the assertive violences of a convert, an unstable state of the soul, till the final appeasement in a perfect fierceness of conviction. She had seen—often had only divined—scores of these young men and young women going through an emotional crisis. This young man looked like a moody egotist. And, besides, it was a special—a unique case. There was something cautious in the tone of her warning speech.

"Take care, Razumov, my good friend. If you carry on like this you will go mad. You are angry with everybody and bitter with yourself and on the lookout for something to torment yourself with. . . ."

"It's intolerable!" Razumov could only speak in gasps. "You must admit that I can have no illusions on the attitude . . . which . . . it isn't clear . . . or rather . . . only too clear."

Here his voice failed him altogether, and he made a gesture of despair. For it was not his courage that failed him. The choking fumes of falsehood had taken him by the throat—the thoughts of being condemned to struggle on and on in that tainted atmosphere without the hope of ever renewing his strength by a breath of fresh air.

"A glass of cold water is what you want." Sofia Antonovna glanced up the grounds at the house and shook her head, then out of the gate at the brimful placidity of the lake. With a half-comical shrug of the shoulders she gave the remedy up in the face of that abundance.

"It is you, my dear soul, who are flinging yourself at something which does not exist. What is it? Self-reproach—or what? It's absurd. You couldn't have gone and given yourself up because he was taken."

She spoke reasonably, at some length, too. Razumov had nothing to complain of in his reception. Everybody was discussed more or less. Everybody had to be thoroughly understood before being accepted. No one that she could remember had been shown from the first so much confidence. Soon, very soon, perhaps sooner than he expected, he would be given an opportunity to show his devotion to the sacred task of crushing the infamy.

Razumov, listening quietly, thought: "It may be that she is trying to lull my suspicions to sleep. On the other hand, it's obvious that most of them are fools." He moved aside a couple of paces and, folding his arms on his breast, leaned back against the stone pillar of the gate.

"As to what remains obscure in the fate of that poor Haldin . . ." Sophia Antonovna dropped into a slowness of utterance which was to Razumov like the falling of molten lead drop by drop. "As to that—though no one ever hinted that either from fear or neglect your conduct has not been what it should have been—well, I have a bit of intelligence. . . ."

Razumov could not prevent himself from raising his head, and Sofia Antonovna nodded slightly.

"I have. You remember that letter from Petersburg?"

"The letter? Perfectly. Some busybody has been reporting my conduct on a certain day. It's rather sickening. I suppose our police is greatly edified when they open these interesting and—and—superfluous letters."

"Oh, dear, no! The police does not get hold of our letters so easily as you imagine. As to the letter in question, that did not leave Petersburg till the ice broke up. It went by the first English steamer which left the Neva this spring. They have a fireman on board—one of us, in fact. It has reached me from Hull. . . ."

She paused as if she were surprised at the sullen fixity of Razumov's gaze, but went on at once and much faster.

"We have some of our people there who . . . but never mind. The writer of the letter relates an incident which he thinks may possibly be connected with Haldin's arrest. I was just going to tell you when those two men came along."

"That also was an incident," muttered Razumov, "of a very charming kind—for me."

"Leave off that," cried Sofia Antonovna. "Nobody cares for Nikita's barking. There's no malice in him. Listen to what I have to say. You may be able to throw a light. There was in Petersburg a sort of town peasant—a man who owned horses. He came to town years ago to work for some relation as a driver and ended by owning a cab or two. . . ."

She might well have spared herself the slight effort of the gesture. "Wait! . . ." Razumov could not have interrupted her now, not to save his life. The slight contraction of his facial muscles had been involuntary, a mere surface stir, leaving him sullenly attentive as before.

"He was not a quite ordinary man of his class—it seems. The people of the house—my informant talked with many of them—you know, one of those enormous houses of shame and misery. . . ." Sophia Antonovna need not have enlarged on the character of the house. Razumov saw clearly towering at her back a dark mass of masonry veiled in snow-flakes with the long row of windows of the eating-shop shining greasily very near the ground. The ghost of that night pursued him. He stood up to it with rage and with weariness.

"Did the late Haldin ever by chance speak to you of that house?" Sofia Antonovna was anxious to know.

"Yes." Razumov, making that answer, wondered whether he were falling into a trap. It was so humiliating to lie to these people that he probably could not have said "No." "He mentioned to me once," he added, as if making an effort of memory, "a house of that sort. He used to visit some workmen there."

"Exactly."

Sofia Antonovna triumphed. Her correspondent had discovered that fact quite accidentally through the talk of the people of the house, having made friends with a workman who occupied a room there. They described Haldin's appearance perfectly. He brought comforting words of hope into their misery. He came irregularly, but he came very often; and—her correspondent wrote—sometimes he spent a night in the house, sleeping, they thought, in a stable which opened upon the inner yard.

"Note that, Razumov! In a stable."

Razumov had listened with a sort of ferocious, but amused acquiescence.

"Yes; in the straw. It was probably the cleanest spot in the whole house."

"No doubt," assented the woman, with that deep frown which seemed to draw closer together her black eyes in a sinister fashion. No four-footed beast could stand the filth and wretchedness so many human beings were condemned to suffer from in Russia. The point of this discovery was that it proved Haldin to have been familiar with that horse-owning peasant —a reckless, independent, free-living fellow not much liked by the other inhabitants of the house. He was believed to have been the associate of a band of house-breakers. Some of these got captured. Not while he was driving them, however; but still there was a suspicion against the fellow of having given a hint to the police and . . .

The woman revolutionist checked herself suddenly.

"And you? Have you ever heard your friend refer to a certain Ziemianitch?"

Razumov was ready for the name. He had been looking out for the question. "When it comes I shall own up," he had said to himself. But he took his time.

"To be sure!" he began, slowly. "Ziemianitch, a peasant owning a team of horses. Yes. On one occasion. Ziemianitch! Certainly! Ziemianitch of the horses. . . . How could it have slipped my memory like this? One of the last conversations we had together."

"That means"—Sofia Antonovna looked very grave—"that means, Razumov, it was very shortly before—eh?"

"Before what?" shouted Razumov, advancing at the woman, who looked astonished, but stood her ground. "Before— Oh! Of course it was before! How could it have been after? Only a few hours before."

"And favorably?"

"With enthusiasm! The horses of Ziemianitch! The free soul of Ziemianitch."

Razumov took a savage delight in the loud utterance of that name which had never before crossed his lips audibly. He fixed his blazing eyes on the woman till at last her fascinated expression recalled him to himself.

"The late Haldin," he said, holding himself in, with downcast eyes, "was inclined to take sudden fancies to people on—what shall I say—insufficient grounds."

"There!" Sofia Antonovna clapped her hands. "That to my mind settles it. The suspicions of my correspondent were aroused . . ."

"Aha! Your correspondent," Razumov said in an almost openly mocking tone. "What suspicions? How aroused? By this Ziemianitch. Probably some drunken, gabbling, plausible . . ."

"You talk as if you had known him."

Razumov looked up.

"No; but I knew Haldin."

Sofia Antonovna nodded gravely.

"I see. Every word you say confirms to my mind the suspicion communicated to me in that very interesting letter. This Ziemianitch was found one morning hanging from a hook in the stable."

Razumov felt a profound trouble. It was visible, because Sofia Antonovna was moved to observe vivaciously:

"Aha! You begin to see."

He saw it clearly enough—in the light of a lantern casting spokes of shadow in a cellar-like stable, the body in a sheep-skin coat and long boots hanging against the wall. A pointed hood, with the ends wound about up to the eyes, hid the face. "But that does not concern me," he reflected. "It does not affect my position at all. He never knew who had thrashed him. He could not have known." Razumov felt sorry for the old lover of the bottle and women.

"Yes, some of them end like that," he muttered. "What is your idea, Sofia Antonovna?"

It was the idea of her correspondent. Sophia Antonovna had adopted it fully. She stated it in one word—"Remorse." Razumov opened his eyes very wide at that. Sofia Antonovna's informant, by listening to the talk of the house, by putting this and that together, had managed to come very near to the truth of Haldin's relation to Ziemianitch.

"It is I who can tell you what you were not certain of—that your friend had some plan for saving himself afterward, for getting out of Petersburg, at any rate. Perhaps that and no more, trusting to luck for the rest. And that fellow's horses were part of the plan."

"They have actually got at the truth," Razumov marveled to himself while he nodded judicially. "Yes, that's possible, very possible." But the woman revolutionist was very positive. First of all, a conversation about horses between Haldin and Ziemianitch had been partly overheard.

Then there were the suspicions of the people in the house when their "young gentleman" (they did not know Haldin by his name) ceased to call at the house. Some of them used to charge Ziemianitch with knowing something of it. He denied it with exasperation; but the fact was that ever since Haldin's disappearance he was not himself, growing moody and thin. Finally during a quarrel with some woman (to whom he was making up), in which most of the inmates of the house were mixed up, apparently, he was openly abused by his chief enemy, an athletic peddler, for having driven "our young gentleman to Siberia, the same as you did those young fellows who broke into houses." It seems there was a fight in the end, and Ziemianitch got flung down a flight of stairs. Thereupon he drank and moped for a week and then hanged himself.

Sofia Antonovna drew her conclusions from the tale. Either drunken indiscretion as to a driving job on a certain date—overheard by some spy in some low grog-shop—perhaps in the very eating-shop on the ground floor of the house—or, who knows, just a downright denunciation—then remorse. A man like that would be capable of anything. People said he was a flighty old chap. And if he had been once before mixed up with the police—as seemed certain, though he always denied it—in connection with these thieves, he would be sure to be acquainted with some police underlings, always on the lookout for something to report. Possibly at first his tale was not made anything of till the day that scoundrel de P—— got his deserts. Ah! But then every bit and scrap of hint and information would be acted on, and fatally they were bound to get Haldin.

Sofia Antonovna spread out her hands—"Fatally."

Fatality—chance! Razumov meditated in silent astonishment upon the queer verisimilitude of these inferences. They were obviously to his advantage.

"It is right now to make this conclusive evidence known generally." Sofia Antonovna was very calm and deliberate again. She had received the letter three days ago, but did not write at once to Peter Ivanovitch. She knew then that she would have the opportunity presently of meeting several men of action assembled for an important purpose.

"I thought it would be more effective like that. I could show the letter itself at large. I have it in my pocket now. You understand how pleased I was to come upon you."

Razumov was saying to himself: "She won't offer to show the letter to me. Not likely. Has she told me everything that correspondent of hers has found out? . . ." He would have liked to see the letter, but he felt he must not ask.

"Tell me, please, was this an investigation ordered, as it were? . . ."

"No, no," she protested. "There you are again with your sensitiveness. It makes you stupid. Don't you see there was no starting-point for an investigation even if any one had thought of it? A perfect blank! That's exactly what some people were pointing out as the reason for receiving you cautiously. It was all perfectly accidental, arising from my informant striking an acquaintance with an intelligent skin-dresser lodging in that particular slum-house. A wonderful coincidence!"

"A pious person," suggested Razumov, with a pale smile, "would say that the hand of God has done it all."

"My poor father would have said that." Sofia Antonovna did not

smile. She dropped her eyes. "Not that his God ever helped him. It's a long time since God has done anything for the people. Anyway, it's done."

"All this would be quite final," said Razumov, with every appearance of reflective impartiality, "if there was any certitude that the 'our young gentleman' of these people was Victor Haldin. Have we got that?"

"Yes. There's no mistake. My correspondent was as familiar with Haldin's personal appearance as with your own," the woman affirmed, decisively.

"It's the red-nosed fellow beyond a doubt," Razumov said to himself, with reawakened uneasiness. Had his own visit to that accursed house passed unnoticed? It was barely possible. Yet it was hardly probable. It was just the right sort of food for the popular gossip that gaunt busybody had been picking up. But the letter did not seem to contain any allusion to that. Unless she had suppressed it. And if so — why? If it had really escaped the prying of that hunger-stricken democrat with a confounded genius for recognizing people from description, it could be only for a time. He would come upon it presently and hasten to write another letter—and then!

For all the envenomed recklessness of his temper, fed on hate and disdain, Razumov shuddered inwardly. It guarded him from common fear, but it could not defend him from disgust at being dealt with in any way by these people. It was a sort of superstitious dread. Now, since his position had been made more secure by their own folly at the cost of Ziemianitch, he felt the need of perfect safety, with its freedom from direct lying, with its power of moving amongst them silent, unquestioning, listening, impenetrable, like the very fate of their crimes and their folly. Was this advantage his already? Or not yet? Or never would be?

"Well, Sofia Antonovna"—his air of reluctant concession was genuine in so far that he was really loath to part with her without testing her sincerity by a question it was impossible to bring about in any way—"well, Sofia Antonovna, if that is so, then . . ."

"The creature has done justice to himself," the woman observed, as if thinking aloud.

"What? Ah, yes! Remorse," Razumov muttered, with equivocal contempt.

"Don't be harsh, Kirylo Sidorovitch, if you have lost a friend." There was no hint of softness in her tone, only the black glitter of her eyes seemed detached for an instant from vengeful visions. "He was a man of the people. The simple Russian soul is never wholly penitent. It's something to know that."

"Consoling?" insinuated Razumov in a tone of inquiry.

"Don't rail," she checked him, sharply. "Remember, Razumov, that women, children, and revolutionists hate irony, which is the negation of all saving instincts, of all faith, of all devotion, of all action. Don't rail! Don't . . . I don't know how it is, but there are moments when you are abhorrent to me. . . ."

She averted her face. A languid silence, as if all the electricity of the situation had been discharged in this flash of passion, lasted for some time. Razumov had not flinched. Suddenly she laid the tips of her fingers on his sleeve.

"Don't mind."

"I don't mind," he said, very quietly.

He was proud to feel that she could read nothing on his face. He was really mollified, relieved, if only for a moment, from an obscure oppression. And suddenly he asked himself: "Why the devil did I go to that house? It was an imbecile thing to do."

A profound disgust came over him. Sofia Antonovna lingered, talking in a friendly manner with an evident conciliatory intention. And it was still about the famous letter, referring to various minute details given by her informant. That last had never seen Ziemianitch. The "victim of remorse" had been buried several weeks before her correspondent began frequenting the house. It—the house—contained very good revolutionary material. The spirit of the heroic Haldin had passed through these dens of black misery with a promise of universal redemption from all the miseries that oppress mankind. Razumov listened without hearing, gnawed by the new-born desire of safety with its dependence from that degrading method of direct lying which at times he found it almost impossible to practise.

No; the point he wanted to hear about could never come into this conversation. There was no way of bringing it forward. He regretted not having composed a perfect story, for use abroad, in which his fatal connection with the house might have been owned up to. But he did not know then that Ziemianitch had hanged himself. And, anyway, who could have foreseen this woman's "informant" stumbling upon that particular slum, of all the slums awaiting destruction in the purifying flame of social revolution? Who could have foreseen? Nobody! "It's a perfectly diabolic surprise," thought Razumov, calm-faced in his attitude of inscrutable superiority nodding assent to Sofia Antonovna's remarks upon the psychology of the "people." "Oh yes"—"certainly"—rather coldly, but with a nervous longing in his fingers to tear some sort of confession out of her throat.

Then, at the very last, on the point of separating, the feeling of relaxed tension already upon him, he heard Sofia Antonovna allude to the subject of his uneasiness. How it came about he could only guess, his mind being absent at the moment, but it must have sprung from Sofia Antonovna's complaint about the illogical absurdity of the people. For instance, that Ziemianitch was looked upon as notoriously irreligious, and yet in the last weeks of his life he suffered from the notion that he had been beaten by the devil.

"The devil," repeated Razumov, as though he had not heard aright.

"The actual devil. The devil in person. You may well look astonished, Kirylo Sidorovitch. Early on the very night poor Haldin was taken, a complete stranger turned up and gave Ziemianitch a most fearful thrashing while he was lying dead drunk in the stable. He was barely able to crawl about for the next few days. The wretched creature's body was one mass of bruises. He showed it to the people in the house."

"But you, Sofia Antonovna, you don't believe in the actual devil?"

"Do you?" retorted the woman, curtly. "Not but that there are plenty of men worse than devils to make a hell of this earth," she muttered to herself.

Razumov watched her, vigorous and white-haired, with the deep fold

between her thin eyebrows and her black glance turned idly away. It was obvious that she did not make much of the story—unless, indeed, this was the perfection of duplicity. . . . "A dark young man," she explained further. "Never seen there before, never seen afterward. Why are you smiling, Razumov?"

"At the devil being still younger after all these ages," he answered, composedly. "But who was able to describe him, since the victim, you say, was dead drunk at the time?"

"Oh, the eating-house keeper has described him. An overbearing, swarthy young man in a student's cloak, who came rushing in, demanded Ziemianitch, beat him furiously, and rushed away without a word, leaving the eating-house keeper paralyzed with astonishment."

"Does he, too, believe it was the devil?"

"That I can't say. I am told he's very reserved on the matter. Those sellers of spirits are great scoundrels generally. I should think he knows more of it than anybody."

"Well, and you, Sofia Antonovna, what's your theory?" asked Razumov in a tone of great interest. "Yours and your informant's, who is on the spot."

"I agree with him. Some police hound in disguise. Who else would beat a helpless man so unmercifully? As for the rest, if they were out that day on every trail, old and new, it is probable enough that they might have thought it just as well to have Ziemianitch at hand for more information, or for identification, or what not. Some scoundrelly detective was sent to fetch him along, and, being vexed at finding him so drunk, broke a stable-fork over his ribs. Later on, after they had the big game safe in the net, they troubled their heads no more about that peasant."

Such were the last words of the woman revolutionist in this conversation, keeping so close to the truth, departing from it so far in the verisimilitude of thoughts and conclusions as to give one the notion of the invincible nature of human error, a glimpse into the utmost depths of self-deception. Razumov, after shaking hands with Sofia Antonovna, left the grounds, crossed the road, and, walking out on the little steamboat pier, leaned over the rail.

His mind was at ease, such as he had not known for many days, ever since that night . . . the night. The conversation with the woman revolutionist, taking that unexpected turn, had given him the view of his danger at the very moment this danger vanished characteristically enough. "I ought to have foreseen the doubts that would arise in those people's minds," he thought. Then his attention being attracted by a stone of peculiar shape which he could see clearly lying at the bottom, he began to speculate as to the depth of water in that spot. But very soon, with a start of wonder at this extraordinary instance of ill-timed detachment, he returned to his train of thought. "I ought to have told very circumstantial lies from the first," he said to himself, with a mortal distaste of the mere idea which silenced his mental utterance for quite a perceptible interval. "Luckily that's all right now," he reflected, and after a time spoke to himself half aloud, "Thanks to the devil," and laughed a little.

The end of Ziemianitch then arrested his wandering thoughts. He was not exactly amused at the interpretation, but he could not help detecting in it a certain piquancy. He owned to himself that, had he known of that

suicide before leaving Russia, he would have been incapable of making such excellent use of it for his own purposes. He should have felt infinitely obliged to the fellow with the red nose for his patience and ingenuity. "A wonderful psychologist apparently," he said to himself, sarcastically. Remorse, indeed! It was a striking example of your true conspirator's blindness, of the stupid subtlety of people with one idea. This was a drama of love, not of conscience, Razumov continued to himself, mockingly. A woman the old fellow was making up to! A robust peddler, clearly a rival, throwing him down a flight of stairs. . . . And at sixty, for a lifelong lover, it was not an easy matter to get over. That was a feminist of a different stamp from Peter Ivanovitch. Even the comfort of the bottle might conceivably fail him in this supreme crisis. At such an age nothing but a halter could cure the pangs of an unquenchable passion. And, besides, there was the wild exasperation aroused by the unjust aspersions and the contumely of the house, with the maddening impossibility to account for that mysterious thrashing added to these simple and bitter sorrows. "Devil, eh?" Razumov exclaimed, with mental excitement as if he had made an interesting discovery. "Ziemianitch ended by falling into mysticism. So many of our true Russian souls end in that way! Very characteristic." He felt pity for Ziemianitch, a large, neutral pity, such as one may feel for an unconscious multitude, a great people seen from above like a community of crawling ants working out its destiny. It was as if this Ziemianitch could not possibly have done anything else. And Sofia Antonovna's cock-sure and contemptuous "some police hound" was characteristically Russian in another way. But there was no tragedy there. This was no drama of revolt and repression, but a comedy of errors. It was as if the devil himself were playing a game with all of them in turn. First with him, then with Ziemianitch, then with those revolutionists. For obviously Sofia Antonovna could not have said anything else. The devil's own game this . . . He interrupted his earnest mental soliloquy with a jocular thought at his own expense. "Here I am falling into mysticism, too."

His mind was more at ease than ever. Turning about, he put his back against the rail comfortably. "All this fits with marvelous aptness," he continued to think. "The brilliance of my reputed exploit is no longer darkened by the fate of my supposed colleague. The mystic Ziemianitch accounts for that. An incredible chance has served me. No more need of lies. I shall have only to listen and to keep my scorn from getting the upper hand of my caution."

He sighed, folded his arms, his chin dropped on his breast, and it was a long time before he started forward from that pose, with the idea that he had made up his mind to do something that day. What it was he could not immediately recall; yet he made no effort of memory, for he was uneasily certain that he would remember presently.

He had not gone more than a hundred yards toward the town when he slowed down, almost faltered in his walk, at the sight of a figure walking in the contrary direction draped in a cloak under a soft, broad-brimmed hat, picturesque but diminutive, as if seen through the big end of an opera-glass. It was impossible to avoid that man, for there was no issue for retreat.

"Another one going to that mysterious meeting," thought Razumov.

He was right in his surmise—only *this* one, unlike the others who came from a distance, was known to him personally. Still, he hoped to pass on with a mere bow, but it was impossible to ignore the little, thin hand, with hairy wrist and knuckles protruded, in a friendly wave from under the folds of the cloak worn Spanish-wise in disregard of a fairly warm day, a corner flung over the shoulder.

"And how is Herr Razumov?" sounded the greeting in German, by that alone made more odious to the object of the affable recognition. At closer quarters the diminutive personage looked like a reduction of an ordinary-sized man, with a lofty brow bared for a moment by the raising of the hat, the great pepper-and-salt full beard spread over the proportionally broad chest. A fine, bold nose jutted over a thin mouth hidden in the mass of fine hair. All this—accented features, strong limbs in their relative smallness—appeared delicate without the slightest sign of debility. The eyes alone, almond-shaped and brown, were too big and as if misty, with the whites slightly bloodshot by too much pen labor under a lamp. The obscure celebrity of the tiny man was well known to Razumov. Polyglot, of unknown parentage, of indefinite nationality, anarchist with a pedantic and ferocious temperament, and an amazingly inflammatory turn for invective, he was a power in the background, this violent pamphleteer, clamoring for revolutionary justice, this Julius Laspara, editor of the *Living Word,* confidant of conspirators, indicted of sanguinary menaces and manifestoes, suspected of being in the secret of every plot. Laspara lived in the old town, in a somber, narrow house left him by some naïve middle-class admirer of his humanitarian eloquence. His two daughters overtopped him head and shoulders; and a pasty-faced, lean boy of six, languishing in the dark rooms in blue cotton overalls and clumsy boots, might have belonged to either one of them or to neither. No stranger could tell. Julius Laspara, no doubt, knew which of his girls it was who, after casually vanishing for a few years, had as casually returned to him possessed of that child; but with admirable pedantry he had refrained from asking her for details; no, not so much as the name of the father, because maternity should be an anarchist function. Razumov had been admitted twice to that suite of several small dark rooms on the top floor, dusty window-panes, litter of all sorts of sweepings all over the place, half-full glasses of tea forgotten on every table, the two Laspara daughters prowling about enigmatically silent, misty-eyed like the father, corsetless, and generally in their want of shape and the disorder of their rumpled attire resembling old dolls, the great but obscure Julius, his feet twisted round his three-legged stool, always ready to receive the visitors, the pen instantly dropped, the body screwed round with a striking display of the lofty brow and of the great, austere beard. When he got down from his stool, it was as though he had descended from the heights of Olympus. He became dwarfed by his daughters, by the furniture, by any caller of ordinary stature. But he very seldom left it, and still more rarely was seen walking abroad in broad daylight.

It must have been some matter of serious importance which had driven him out in that direction that afternoon. Evidently he wished to be amiable to that young man whose arrival had made some sensation in the world of political refugees. In Russian now, which he spoke as he spoke and wrote in four or five other European languages without distinction

and without force (other than that of sustained invective), he inquired if Razumov had taken his inscriptions at the university as yet.

And the young man, shaking his head negatively: "There's plenty of time for that. But meantime are you not going to write something for us?"

He could not understand how any one could refrain from writing on anything—social, economic, historical—anything. Any subject could be treated in the right spirit and for the ends of social revolution. And, as it happened, a friend of his in London had got in touch with a review of advanced ideas. . . . "We must educate, educate everybody—develop the great thought of absolute liberty and of revolutionary justice."

Razumov muttered rather surlily that he did not even know English.

"Write in Russian. We'll have it translated. There can be no difficulty. Why, without seeking further, there is Miss Haldin. My daughters go to see her sometimes. You know the sister. . . ." He nodded significantly. "She does nothing—has never done anything in her life. She would be quite competent with a little assistance. Only write. You know you must. And so good-by for the present."

He raised his arm and went on. Razumov backed against the low wall, looked after him, spat violently, and went on his way with an angry mutter, "Cursed Jew!"

He did not know anything about it. Julius Laspara might have been a Transylvanian, a Turk, an Andalusian, or a citizen of one of the Hanse towns, for anything he could tell to the contrary. But this is not a story of the West, and this exclamation must be recorded accompanied by the comment that it was merely an expression of hate and contempt, best adapted to the nature of the feelings Razumov suffered from at the time. He was boiling with rage as though he had been grossly insulted. He walked as if blind, following instinctively the shore of the diminutive harbor along the quay, through a prettily dull garden where dull people sat on chairs under the trees, till, his fury abandoning him, he discovered himself in the middle of a long, broad bridge. He slowed down at once; to his right, beyond the toy-like jetties, he saw the green slopes framing the Petit Lac in all the marvelous banality of the picturesque made of painted cardboard, with the more distant stretch of water inanimate and shining like a piece of tin.

He turned his head away from that view for the tourists and walked on slowly, his eyes fixed on the ground. One or two persons had to get out of his way, and then turned round to give a surprised stare to his profound absorption. The insistence of the celebrated subversive journalist rankled in his mind strangely. Write. Must write! He! Write! A sudden light flashed upon him. To write was the very thing he had made up his mind to do that day. He had made up his mind irrevocably to that step and then had forgotten all about it. That incorrigible tendency to escape from the grip of the situation was fraught with serious danger. He was ready to despise himself for it. What was it? Levity or deep-seated weakness? Or an unconscious dread? . . .

"Is it that I am shrinking? . . . It can't be! It's impossible! To shrink now would be worse than moral suicide—it would be nothing less than moral damnation," he thought. "Is it possible that I have a conventional conscience?"

He rejected that hypothesis with scorn, and, checked on the edge of the

pavement, made ready to cross the road and proceed up the wide street facing the head of the bridge; and that for no other reason except that it was there before him. But at the moment a couple of carriages and a slow-moving cart interposed, and suddenly he turned sharp to the left, following the quay again, but now away from the lake.

"It may be just my health," he thought, allowing himself a very unusual doubt of his soundness, for, with the exception of a childish ailment or two, he had never been ill in his life. But that was a danger, too. Only it seemed as though he were being looked after in a specially remarkable way. "If I believed in an active Providence," Razumov said to himself, amused grimly, "I would see here the working of an ironical finger. To have a Julius Laspara put in my way as if expressly to remind me of my purpose is . . . Write, he had said. I must write. I must, indeed! I shall write—never fear. Certainly. That's what I am here for. And for the future I shall have something to write about."

He was exciting himself by this mental soliloquy. But the idea of writing evoked the thought of a place to write in, of shelter, of privacy, and naturally of his lodgings, mingled with a distaste for the necessary exertion of getting there, with a mistrust as of some hostile influence awaiting him within those odious four walls.

"Suppose one of them," he asked himself, "were to take a fancy to call on me while I am writing?" The mere prospect of such an interruption made him shudder. One could lock one's door, or ask the tobacconist down-stairs (some sort of a refugee himself) to tell inquirers that one was not in. Not very good precautions, those. The manner of his life, he felt, must be kept clear of every cause for suspicion or even occasion for wonder down to such trifling occurrences as a delay in opening a locked door. "I wish I were in the middle of some field miles away from everywhere," he thought.

He had unconsciously turned to the left once more, and now was aware of being on a bridge again. This one was much narrower than the other, and instead of being straight made a sort of elbow or angle. At the point of that angle a short arm joined it to a hexagonal islet with a soil of gravel, and its shores faced with dressed stone, a perfection of puerile neatness. A couple of tall poplars and a few other trees stood grouped on the clean, dark gravel, and under them a few garden benches and a bronze effigy of Jean Jacques Rousseau seated on its pedestal.

On setting his foot on it, Razumov became aware that, except for the woman in charge of the refreshment chalet, there was no one on the island. There was something of naïve, odious, and inane simplicity about that unfrequented tiny crumb of earth named after Jean Jacques Rousseau. Something pretentious and shabby, too. He asked for a glass of milk, which he drank, standing, at one draught (nothing but tea had passed his lips since the morning), and was going away with a heavy, lagging step when a thought stopped him short. He had found precisely what he needed. If solitude could ever be secured in the open air in the middle of a town he would have it there on this absurd island, together with the faculty of watching the only approach.

He went back heavily to a garden-seat, and dropped into it. This was the place for making a beginning of that writing which had to be done. The materials he had on him. "I shall always come here," he said to

himself, and afterward sat for quite a long time motionless, without thought and sight and hearing, almost without life. He sat long enough for the declining sun to dip behind the roofs of the town at his back and throw the shadow of the houses on the lake front over the islet. He pulled out of his pocket a fountain-pen, opened a small note-book on his knee, and began to write quickly, raising his eyes every moment at the connecting arm of the bridge. These glances were needless, the people crossing over in the distance seemed unwilling even to look at the islet where the exiled effigy of the author of the *Social Contract* towered above the bowed head of Razumov in the somber immobility of bronze. After finishing his scribbling, Razumov, with a sort of feverish haste, put away the pen, then rammed the note-book into his pocket, first tearing out the written pages with an almost convulsive brusqueness. But the folding of the flimsy batch in half on his knee was executed with thoughtful nicety. That done, he leaned back in his seat and remained motionless, with the papers crushed in his left hand. The twilight had come before he got up and began to pace to and fro slowly under the trees.

"There can be no doubt that now I am safe," he thought. His fine ear could detect the faintly accentuated murmurs of the current breaking against the point of the island, and he forgot himself in listening to them with interest. But even to his acute sense of hearing the sound was too elusive.

"Extraordinary occupation I am giving myself up to," he murmured. And it occurred to him that that was about the only sound he could listen to innocently and for his own pleasure, as it were. Yes, the sound of water, the voice of the wind—completely foreign to human passions. All the other sounds of this earth brought contamination to the solitude of a soul.

That was Mr. Razumov's feeling, the soul, of course, being his own, and the word being used not in the theological sense, but standing, as far as I can understand it, for that part of Mr. Razumov which was not his body, and more specially in danger from the fires of this earth. It is well known that the way of salvation is hard, darkened by the shades of error, and made lonely to an independent traveler. Even those who travel in guided troops and organized caravans are not spared the terrors of isolation. And it must be admitted that in Mr. Razumov's case the bitterness of solitude from which he suffered was not an altogether morbid phenomenon.

CHAPTER XIII

THAT I should mention again here that Mr. Razumov's youth had no one in the world, as literally no one as it can be honestly affirmed of any human being, it is but a statement of fact from a man who believes in the psychological value of facts. There is also there, perhaps, a desire of punctilious fairness. Unidentified with any one in this narrative where both the aspects of honor and shame are remote from the ideas of the Western world, and taking my stand on the ground of common humanity, it is perhaps for that very reason that I feel a strange reluctance to state baldly here what every reader has most likely already discovered for himself. Such reluctance may appear absurd if it were not for the thought that from the imperfection of language there is always something un-

gracious and even disgraceful in the exhibition of naked truth. But the time has come when Councilor-of-State Mikulin can no longer be ignored. His simple question "Where to?" on which we left Mr. Razumov in St. Petersburg, throws a light on the general meaning of this individual case.

"Where to?" was his answer in the form of a gentle question to Mr. Razumov's independent declaration that he was going away. The question was not menacing in the least, and, indeed, had the ring of innocent inquiry. Had it been taken in a merely topographical sense, the only answer to it would have appeared sufficiently appalling to Mr. Razumov. Where to? Back to his rooms, where the revolution had sought him out to put to a sudden test his dormant instincts, his half-conscious thoughts and almost wholly unconscious ambitions, by the touch as of some furious and dogmatic religion with its call to frantic sacrifices, its tender resignations, its dreams and hopes uplifting the soul, by the side of the most somber moods of despair. And Mr. Razumov had let go the door-handle and had come back to the middle of the room, asking, angrily, "What do you mean by it?"

As far as I can tell, Councilor Mikulin did not answer that question. He drew Mr. Razumov into familiar conversation. It is the peculiarity of Russian natures that, however strongly engaged in the drama of action, they are still turning their ear to the murmur of abstract ideas. This conversation (and others later on) need not be recorded. Suffice it to say that he brought Mr. Razumov as we know him to the test of another faith. There was nothing official in its expression, and Mr. Razumov was led to defend his attitude of detachment. But Councilor Mikulin would have none of his arguments. "For a man like you," were his last weighty words in the discussion, "such a position is impossible. Don't forget that I have seen that interesting piece of paper. I understand your liberalism. I have an intellect of that kind myself. All this is a question of method. But the principle of revolt is a physical intoxication, a sort of hysteria which must be kept away from the masses. You agree without reserve, don't you? Because, don't you see, Kirylo Sidorovitch, abstention, reserve, in certain situations come very near to political crime. The ancient Greeks understood that very well."

Mr. Razumov, listening with a faint smile, wondered whether this was not something in the nature of an unofficial warning. Suppressing his exasperation, he asked Councilor Mikulin point-blank if that meant he was going to have him watched.

The high official took an offense at the cynical inquiry.

"No, Kirylo Sidorovitch," he answered, gravely. "I don't mean to have you watched."

Razumov, suspecting that this was a lie, affected the greatest liberty of mind during the short remainder of that interview. The older man expressed himself throughout in familiar terms and with a sort of shrewd simplicity. Razumov concluded that to get to the bottom of that mind was for him an impossible feat. A great disquiet made his heart beat quicker. The high official issuing from behind the desk was actually offering to shake hands with him.

"Good-by, Mr. Razumov. An understanding between intelligent men is always a satisfactory occurrence. Is it not? And, of course, these rebel gentlemen have not the monopoly of intelligence."

"I presume that I shall not be wanted any more?" Razumov brought out that question while his hand was still being grasped. Councilor Mikulin released it slowly.

"That, Mr. Razumov," he said, with great earnestness, "is as it may be. God alone knows the future. But you may rest assured that I never thought of having you watched. You are a young man of great mental independence. Yes, you are going away free as air, but you shall end by coming back to us."

"I . . . I!" Razumov exclaimed in an appalled murmur of protest. "What for?" he added, feebly.

"Yes, you yourself, Kirylo Sidorovitch," the high police functionary insisted, in a low, severe tone of conviction. "You shall be coming back to us. Some of our greatest minds had to do that in the end."

"Our greatest minds?" repeated Razumov, in a dazed voice.

"Yes, indeed, our greatest minds. . . . Good-by."

Razumov, shown out of the room, walked away from the door. But before he got to the end of the passage he heard heavy footsteps and a voice behind his back calling upon him to stop. He turned his head and was startled to see Councilor Mikulin in person. The high functionary hurried up, very simple, slightly out of breath.

"One minute. As to what we were talking about just now it shall be as God wills it. But I may have occasion to require you again. You look surprised, Kirylo Sidorovitch. Yes, to clear up any further point that may turn up."

"But I don't know anything," stammered out Razumov. "I couldn't possibly know anything."

"Who can tell? Things are ordered in a wonderful manner. Who can tell what *may* become disclosed to you before this day is out? You have been already the instrument of Providence. You smile, Kirylo Sidorovitch; you are an *esprit fort*." (Razumov was not conscious of having smiled.) "But I believe firmly in Providence. Such a confession on the lips of a man like me may sound to you funny. But you yourself, yet, some day . . . Or else what happened to you cannot be accounted for at all. Yes, decidedly I shall have occasion to see you again—but not here. This wouldn't be quite—h'm! . . . Some convenient place shall be made known to you. And even for the written communications between us in that respect or otherwise had better pass through the intermediary of our, if I may express myself so, mutual friend, Prince K——. Now I beg you, Kirylo Sidorovitch—don't. I am certain he'll consent. You must give me the credit of being aware of what I am saying. You have no better friend than Prince K——; and as to myself, it is a long time now since I've been honored by . . ."

He glanced down his beard.

"I won't detain you any longer. We shall certainly meet once more. It may be some little time, though, before we do. Till then may Heaven send you fruitful reflections! We live in difficult times, in times of monstrous chimeras and evil dreams and criminal follies."

Once in the street, Razumov started off rapidly without caring for the direction. At first he thought of nothing, but in a little while the consciousness of his position presented itself to him as something so ugly, dangerous, and absurd; the difficulty of ever freeing himself from the toils of that

complication so insoluble that the idea of going back and, as he termed it to himself, *confessing* to Councilor Mikulin flashed through his mind.

Go back! What for? Confess! To what? "I have been speaking to him with the greatest openness," he said to himself, with perfect truth. "What else could I tell him? That I have undertaken to carry a message to that brute Ziemianitch? Establish a false complicity and destroy what chance of safety I have for nothing—what folly!"

Yet he could not defend himself from fancying that Councilor Mikulin was, perhaps, the only man in the world able to understand his conduct. To be understood appeared extremely fascinating.

On the way home he had to stop several times; all his strength seemed to run out of his limbs; and in the movement of the busy streets, isolated as if in a desert, he remained suddenly motionless for a minute or so before he could proceed on his way. He reached his rooms at last.

Then came an illness, something in the nature of a low fever, which all at once removed him to a great distance from the perplexing actualities, from his very room even. He never lost consciousness; he only seemed to himself to be existing languidly somewhere very far away from everything that had ever happened to him. He came out of this state slowly, with an effect, that is to say, of extreme slowness, though the actual number of days was not very great. And when he had got back into the middle of things, they were all changed subtly and provokingly in their nature; inanimate objects, human faces, the landlady, the rustic servant-girl, the staircase, the streets, the very air. He tackled these changed conditions in a spirit of severity. He walked to and fro to the university, ascended stairs, paced the passages, listened to lectures, took notes, crossed courtyards in a sort of angry aloofness, his teeth set hard till his jaws ached.

He was perfectly aware of madcap Kostia gazing like a young retriever from a distance, of the famished student with the red, drooping nose keeping scrupulously away as desired, of twenty others, perhaps, he knew well enough to speak to. And they all had an air of curiosity and concern as if they expected something to happen. "This can't last much longer," thought Razumov more than once. On certain days he was afraid that any one addressing him suddenly in a certain way would make him scream out insanely a lot of filthy abuse. Often, after returning home, he would drop into a chair in his cap and cloak, and remain still for hours holding some book he had got from the library in his hand; or he would pick up the little penknife and sit there scraping his nails endlessly and feeling furious all the time—simply furious. "This is impossible!" he would mutter suddenly to the empty room.

Fact to be noted: this room might conceivably have become physically repugnant to him, emotionally intolerable, morally uninhabitable. But, no. Nothing of the sort (and he had himself dreaded it at first), nothing of the sort happened. On the contrary, he liked his lodgings better than any other shelter he, who had never known a home, had ever hired before. He liked his lodgings so well that often, on that very account, he found a certain difficulty in making up his mind to go out. It resembled a physical seduction such as, for instance, makes a man reluctant to leave the neighborhood of a fire on a cold day.

For as at that time he seldom stirred except to go to the university (what else was there to do?), it followed that whenever he went abroad he felt

himself at once closely involved in the moral consequences of his act. It was there that the dark prestige of the Haldin mystery fell on him, clung to him like a poisoned robe which it was impossible to fling off. He suffered from it exceedingly as well as from the conversational, commonplace, unavoidable intercourse with the other kind of students. "They must be wondering at the change in me," he reflected, anxiously. He had an uneasy notion of having savagely told one or two innocent, nice enough fellows to go to the devil. Once a married professor he used to call upon formerly addressed him in passing, "How is it we never see you at our Wednesdays now, Kirylo Sidorovitch?" Razumov was conscious of meeting this advance with odious, muttering boorishness. The professor was obviously too astonished to be offended. All this was bad. And all this was Haldin, always Haldin—nothing but Haldin—everywhere Haldin: a moral specter infinitely more effective than any visible apparition of the dead. It was only the room through which he had blundered on his way from crime to death that he did not seem to be able to haunt. Not, to be exact, that he was ever completely absent from it, but that he had no sort of power. There it was Mr. Razumov who had the upper hand, in a composed sense, of his own superiority. A vanquished phantom—nothing more. Often in the evening, his repaired watch faintly ticking on the table by the side of the lighted lamp, Razumov would look up from his writing and stare at the bed with an expectant, dispassionate attention. Nothing was ever to be seen there. He never really supposed that anything ever should be seen there. After a while he would shrug his shoulders slightly and bend again over his work. For he had gone to work and, at first, with some success. His unwillingness to leave that place where he was safe from Haldin grew so strong that at last he ceased to go out at all. From early morning till far into the night he wrote; he wrote for nearly a week, never looking at the time, and only throwing himself on the bed when he could keep his eyes open no longer. Then one afternoon, quite casually, he happened to glance at his watch. He laid down his pen slowly.

"At this very hour," was his thought, "the fellow stole unseen into this room while I was out. And there he sat quiet as a mouse—perhaps in this very chair."

Razumov got up and began to pace the floor, steadily glancing at the watch now and then. "This is the time when I returned and found him standing there against the stove," he observed to himself. When it grew dark he lit his lamp. Later on he interrupted his tramping once more, only to wave away angrily the girl who attempted to enter the room with tea and something to eat on a tray. And presently he noted the watch pointing at the hour of his own going forth into the falling snow on that terrible errand.

"Complicity," he muttered, faintly, and resumed his pacing, keeping his eye on the hands as they crept on slowly to the time of his return.

"And after all," he thought, suddenly, "I might have been the chosen instrument of Providence. It is a manner of speaking, but there may be truth in every manner of speaking. What if that absurd saying were true in its essence?"

He meditated for a while, then sat down, his legs stretched out, with stony eyes, and with his arms hanging down on each side of the chair, like a man totally abandoned by Providence, desolate.

He noted the time of Haldin's departure and continued to sit still for another half-hour; then muttering, "And now—to work," drew up to the table, seized the pen, and instantly dropped it under the influence of a profoundly disquieting reflection. "There's three weeks gone by and no word from Mikulin."

What did it mean? Was he forgotten? Possibly. Then why not remain forgotten—creep in somewhere? Hide? But where? How? With whom? In what hole? And was it to be forever, or what?

But a retreat was big with shadowy dangers. The eye of the social revolution was on him, and Razumov for a moment felt an unnamed and despairing dread mingled with an odious sense of humiliation. Was it possible that he no longer belonged to himself? This was damnable. But why not simply keep on as before? Study. Advance. Work hard, as if nothing had happened (and first of all win that silver medal), acquire distinction, become a great reforming servant of the greatest of states. Servant, too, of the mightiest homogeneous mass of mankind with a capability of logical, guided development in a brotherly solidarity of force and aim such as the world had never dreamed of . . . The Russian nation . . .

Calm, resolved, steady in his great purpose, he was stretching his hand toward the pen when he happened to glance toward the bed. He rushed at it, enraged, with a mental scream, "It's you, crazy fanatic, who stands in the way!" He flung the pillow on the floor violently, tore the blankets aside . . . Nothing there. And, turning away, he caught for an instant, like a vivid detail in a dissolving view of two heads, the eyes of General T—— and of Privy Councilor Mikulin side by side fixed upon him, quite different in character, but with the same unflinching and weary and yet purposeful expression . . . "Servants of the nation!"

Razumov tottered to the washstand, very alarmed about himself, drank some water, and bathed his forehead. "This will pass and leave no trace," he thought, confidently. "I am all right." But as to supposing that he had been forgotten, it was perfect nonsense. He was a marked man on that side. And that was nothing. It was what that miserable phantom stood for that had to be got out of the way . . . "If one only could go and spit all out at some of them—and take the consequences."

He imagined himself accosting the red-nosed student and suddenly shaking his fist in his face. "From that one, though," he reflected, "there's nothing to be got because he has no mind of his own. He's living in a red democratic trance. Ah! you want to smash your way into universal happiness, my boy. I will give you universal happiness, you silly, hypnotized ghoul, you! And what about my own happiness, eh? Haven't I got any right to it just because I can think for myself? . . ."

And again, but with a different mental accent, Razumov said to himself: "I am young. Everything can be lived down." At that moment he was crossing the room slowly, intending to sit down on the sofa and try to compose his thoughts. But before he got so far everything abandoned him—hope, courage, belief in himself, trust in men. His heart had, as it were, suddenly emptied itself. It was no use struggling on. Rest, work, solitude, and the frankness of intercourse with his kind were alike forbidden to him. Everything was gone. His existence was a great, cold blank, something like the enormous plain of the whole of Russia leveled with snow and fading gradually on all sides into shadows and mist.

He sat down, with swimming head, closed his eyes, and remained like that, bolt-upright on the sofa, and perfectly awake for the rest of the night, till the girl, bustling into the outer room with the *samovar,* thumped with her fist on the door, calling out: "Kirylo Sidorovitch, please! It is time for you to get up!"

Then, pale like a corpse obeying the dread summons of judgment, Razumov opened his eyes and got up.

Nobody will be surprised to hear, I suppose, that when the summons came he went to see Councilor Mikulin. It came that very morning, while, looking white and shaky, like an invalid just out of bed, he was trying to shave himself. The envelope was addressed in the little attorney's handwriting. That envelope contained another, superscribed to Razumov in Prince K——'s hand, with the request, "Please forward under cover at once," in a corner. But the note inside was an autograph of Councilor Mikulin. The writer stated candidly that nothing had arisen which needed clearing up, but, nevertheless, appointed a meeting with Mr. Razumov at a certain address in town which seemed to be that of an oculist.

Razumov read it, finished shaving, dressed, looked at the note again, and muttered, gloomily, "Oculist." He pondered over it for a time, lit a match, and burned the two envelopes and the enclosure carefully. Afterward he waited, sitting perfectly idle, and not even looking at anything in particular, till the appointed hour drew near, and then went out.

Whether, looking at the unofficial character of the summons, he might have refrained from attending to it is hard to say. Probably not. At any rate, he went; but, what's more, he went with a certain eagerness which may appear incredible till it is explained that Councilor Mikulin was the only person on earth with whom Razumov could talk, taking the Haldin adventure for granted. And Haldin, once taken for granted, was no longer a haunting, falsehood-breeding specter. Whatever troubling power he exercises in all the other places of the earth, Razumov knew very well that at this oculist's address he would be only the hanged murderer of Mr. de P—— and nothing more. For the dead can live only with the exact intensity and quality of the life imparted to them by the living. So Mr. Razumov, certain of relief, went to meet Councilor Mikulin with the eagerness of a pursued person welcoming any sort of shelter.

(To be Continued.)